

News Maven > Photography is Not a Crime > Cops Gone Rogue

NY Cops Profile Man for Looking Around Suspiciously in Front of House

**B**

Ben Keller
Apr 4, 2017

New York Cops Profile Man for Looking Around Suspiciously in Front of his House

A New York cop racially profiled a man, approaching the front door of his house, insisting the man identify himself because he “looked back” at the officer as he drove past his house.

Rochester cop Jonathan Laureano then began demaning Nishean Napier provide him with identification after Napier walked outside to move his mother’s car to the other side of the street so she wouldn’t get a ticket.

As Napier walked outside to move the car while in the middle of making an Instagram post, Laureano crept down his street in a police cruiser.

Napier looked back at Laureano’s patrol car, which the cop deemed as suspicious activity,

Laureano turned his car around, parked in front of Napier’s home, got out of his patrol car and approached Napier’s front porch, holding a pen and notepad and began demanding he provide his name, date of birth and phone number.

Napier presses the officer about what prompted him to approach his house to request his ID.

“What’d you just turn around for?” he asks.

“Because I’ve got dreads? Because I’m a black man with dreads?”

Laureano begins fumbling his notepad, contemplating how to explain what he was up to without outright admitting he just racially profiled Napier.

“You better get outta here,” Napier says with a chuckle.

“You got ID, man?” ask Laureano. “Did you say it was inside?”

🔗 Cc

“What’s your name man?” Laureano asks, opening his notepad, signaling to Napier he’s ready to write.

“It’s in mv house.”

     Comment ...

“I don’t have to tell you my name.”

Laureano continues to fumble around with the notepad, indicating he’s still ready to write down his personal information.

“What do you want my name for?” Napier wisely asks the cop.

The cop stands silent for a moment.

“Why do you want my name?” Napier ask Laureano slowly, so maybe he’ll answer this time.

“What did you stop for? Did you just profile me, though?”

“No one’s profiling,” Laureano replies, fumbling with the notepad again.

That’s when Napier’s mother asks what was going on.

“So, basically, ma’am, I’m driving by. He’s like staring away from me to leave. And I kinda slow down and peek and just as I get to that next drive over there, he like jumps out of the car and starts walking and starts looking back at the car real quick.”

“Man, if you don’t get up outta here, bro,” Napier interrupts the cop, who apparently is no longer welcome at his front door.

“Now the issue is, he’s not giving me his name.” he explains to Napier’s mother in a subtly threatening tone.

“It’s not an issue,” Napier snaps.

“What time did you say switch sides of the street? Is it 7 o’clock yet? Are you going to give me a ticket?”

Napier’s mother begins yelling in the background as Napier informs the cop, “you’re trespassing.”

Another cop rolls up to say Napier was sitting in a car, implying that gave them the right to ID him, so Napier zooms his camera on him.

Then he turns the camera to himself to give a personal narrative.

“Aint this some shit. I walked out the door for like five seconds.... And I got profiled,” he says into the camera.

“I walked out the door for like five seconds to move the car across the street and he just turned back around and asked me what am I doing getting out of the car....”

Despite witnessing the harsh realities of racial profiling by police first-hand, Napier remained calm about it all and kept his politeness with Laureano in a rather canny way.

“It’s profiling,” Napier sternly informs him with a sharp laugh.

“It’s profiling.”

Laureano, apparently concentrating hard on his notepad again give it one more go.

“Hey, man,” he says in a friendly voice this time. “What’s your phone number?”

Feeling the need to cut the persistent cop off at this point before he persists again, Napier tells him his phone has malfunctioned.

“This phone aint working. It don’t work. It don’t got no number.”

Finally, even Napier’s mother had enough.

“Are we done?” she asks.

Laureano explains to the mother he was merely investigating suspicious activity finally leaving the scene.

Cops racially profiled a man, approaching the front door of his house



 Reply to story in Photography is Not a Crime

COPS GONE ROGUE FEATURED COMMUNITY

...